

The Oxford County Citizen.

VOLUME XXXII—NUMBER 13

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1926.

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THE J. E. JONES LETTER

CONGRESS PULLS DOWN THE SHUTTERS

The country feels a good deal as Governor Cleveland expressed it once at Thanksgiving time when he said everyone would be thankful that Congress was no longer in session. So far as the late Congress and the farmers were concerned it is another case of laboring and bringing forth a mouse. There is country-wide disappointment over the failure of farm relief legislation measures. It might just as well be admitted that the Hagen bill and the various suggestions including the Fess bill—all of which died, were uneconomic measures. Their most outspoken champions acknowledged this in private, but their argument was that Congress had legislated for the bankers and the financial interests, and had favored the manufacturing East. In consequence, they demanded "as much for the farmers." It remains to be seen whether the Corn Belt States will punish the Republican party for its omission when the Fall elections are held. The West was as wrathful four years ago as it is now, and when the progressive ticket of La Follette and Wheeler was put into the field it was prophesied that many States would support these candidates as a protest against the Republican party. But the protest did not register at the polls. In the West and Middle West the voters have nearly always voted the Republican ticket straight. In the South they still take their moonshine that way, and vote the Democratic ticket straight.

What really is likely to happen will be a change in Senatorships in a half dozen States that will swing the control of the Senate to the Democrats and the "Independents," otherwise known as anti-Coolidge Republicans.

RADIO CONTROL

The compromise radio arrangement in the closing hours of Congress doubtless furnishes the essential legislation necessary for the regulating of broadcasting. There have been many attempts to surround broadcasting with sufficient protection to prevent the raising of the air by propagandists and others. Up to date the "radio trust" has furnished the best service that has gone over the air, and by so doing it has won the friendship of the public. The bill for a radio commission, upset all previous calculations. The President wanted to place control in the hands of Secretary Hoover. Neither plan got through Congress but an emergency resolution was accepted to tide broadcasting over until next winter.

THE PERSISTENT WALSH

While Congress was closing up Senator Walsh got through a measure that insured the continued prosecution of the naval oil leases and the tightening of the rings around the spoliators who were shown up as the bribers of a Cabinet official, and as implicated in questionable methods in securing Tropic Home, Pearl Harbor, and other great oil land concessions.

UNDONE THINGS

The rivers and harbors appropriations were virtually murdered by Congress, aviation was inadequately helped; the future of Muscle Shoals was left unsettled; relief was not provided for the reclamation projects. In these and many other ways it is shown that the sixty-ninth Congress left a greater record for the things it did not do than for the matters it actually accomplished.

IN SESSION SEVEN MONTHS

During the seven months that Congress was in session 17,412 bills were introduced and of these 753 were enacted into law. The figures show how hard it is to get a bill through, especially that class of bills which Congressmen have to introduce to please some of their insistent constituents.

ALIEN PROPERTY INQUIRY

Senators Borah of Idaho, McCall of Idaho, and McMaster of South Dakota, Republicans, and Wharton of New Mexico, and Stephens of Missouri, Democrats, have been named to investigate the seizure and appraisal of property, and the handling and sale of it, together with the sale of patents and trademarks. The relations of the Department of Justice to the business and affairs of the Alien Property Custodian will be investigated. There has long been a feeling that there was something "rotten in Denmark," and the Senate investigation is a direct outgrowth of the indictment of former Custodian Miller, and former Attorney General Daugherty. Property seized during the war was turned over so rapidly that the suspicion has always existed that considerable of it stuck in the hands of a few Government officials who were supposed to see to it that nothing of it was wanted, lost, or "swiped."

RUMFORD WOMAN DIES IN AUTO ACCIDENT

Mrs. David Butot of the Swan Road, Rumford, died in the hospital at Farmington on Tuesday of last week from injuries sustained when the car in which she was a passenger overturned early that morning. In the car were Patrolman Philip Baker and daughter of Rumford and Mrs. Butot. They were on their way to New Brunswick to spend a vacation with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Baker was driving the car and about a mile from the Farmington fair grounds there is a sharp curve which he did not anticipate. He jammed on the brakes and the car overturned. Mrs. Butot received severe injuries, both internal and external. Mr. Baker and his daughter were cut and badly bruised, but did not receive serious injuries.

Mrs. Butot is survived by a husband and daughter, both of Rumford.

SUGARED POLITICS

When sugar sold at twenty pounds for a dollar at the country "department store" the consumers did not have to pay for any politics. But in recent years sugar has climbed constantly in the price scale, and there has not been a period since the entry of the United States into the World War when it has been marketed independent of politics. As far back as 1912 the cane growers and sugar beet producers fought for better tariff protection against Cuban crops. Then came the war when sugar was made a pet product of the Food Administration. Just what happened no one ever knew except that prices to consumers gradually doubled. Cuba became very rich, and then very poor. Two years ago the Tariff Commission recommended a reduction in the duty on Cuban sugar. After a good deal of deliberation the recommendation was denied by President Coolidge.

These were simply the high lights in the uneventful story of politics and sugar. That the matter is still tainted by politics is indicated by the recent statement of Tariff Commissioner Broadard who complains that he was "known around the Tariff Commission as rather an active partisan of the sugar beet interests." More than that it is claimed that he is dominated by "Chairman Marvin. Marvin, by the way, is a sort of human symbol for tariffs of the kind that trusts are made of."

MUSK OXEN

Plans are being matured in Washington to raise musk oxen in Alaska. In time they will likely exist in great numbers. Only a few years ago herds of reindeer were introduced into this territory and now they have become so plentiful that their meat is being used for food, and some of it is being shipped to the western part of the United States. In the plan for musk oxen it is proposed to "demonstrate the practicality of establishing the musk oxen as a useful domestic animal in Alaska." This movement in favor of musk oxen to the reindeer bids fair to undo beef cattle in about the same proportion that the automobile has put the faithful old horse and buggy out of business.

WHITE MAIL BOXES

The Postmaster General has approved recommendations that have been before him for some time to have rural mail boxes painted white. The work is being sent out to postmasters throughout the country, and they are being asked to prevail upon patrons of the postal rural routes to spread on the white paint.

WEST BETHEL

Mr. and Mrs. Twombly, Mr. Louis Pencil and daughter, Janice, and Miss Daisy Lambert, all of Westbeth, were Sunday guests of Mrs. Estella Lamb.

Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Bennett of Farmington, N. H., and Mrs. Libbie Merrill and son of Texas were callers at Mrs. Mellen Whitman's, Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Grenleaf of Peru, Mr. and Mrs. Fardine Fardine of Farmington, were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Kneeland.

Mrs. G. B. Mills is visiting her sister, Mrs. Althea Whitman.

Mrs. Poliofer, Mrs. H. H. Jordan and Richard Jordan were in Rumford, Saturday.

Roland Kneeland has employment at Bethel Inn garage.

Mrs. Henry Perkins was in Bethel, Tuesday, to attend the funeral of her cousin, Justin H. Mason.

MORE "INSIDERS"

Chipped places on the edges of tin cans and other glass articles can be made smooth by rubbing down with emery paper, or with fine sandpaper if the emery is not available. To avoid breaking the glass dust, one should use a dampened cloth over the area and "swipe."

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Mr. W. C. Bryant is having his house painted.

Mr. E. M. Walker was in Portland one day last week.

Mr. William Langhain of Andover was in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Thurston are spending this week in New York.

Mr. Vivian Hutchins and sister, Dorothy, were in Portland, Thursday.

Mrs. Grafton Gordon of Peru is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. C. B. Oliver.

Mr. W. S. Wight has returned from Auburn. He is much improved in health.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett McKee were week end guests of relatives in Portland.

Mrs. John Wood and children are guests of relatives at Leeds and Monmouth.

Miss Ruby Chandler of West Sumner is the guest of her sister, Mrs. A. D. Forbes.

The Misses Mariel Park and Margaret Herrick are spending a few days in Canada.

Mr. Francis Randall of Hyde Park, Mass., was a week end guest of Charles Austin.

The N. S. Stowell Co. is building a storehouse on Railroad Street along the railroad track.

Mr. Frank Robertson was confined to his home a few days last week with the German measles.

Master Sherman Davis of Dorchester, Mass., is the guest of his uncle, Earle Davis and family.

Ernest Brown, son of Dr. E. L. Brown has gone to a boys camp at Winthrop for several weeks.

Kathleen Wight, little daughter of Mrs. Lena Wight, broke her arm Monday while swinging.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Austin and sons and Francis Randall were in Lewiston and Poland, Sunday.

Mr. Noel Chapman of Auburn was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hastings part of last week.

The Central Mail Power Co. are setting poles and stringing wire between Bethel and West Bethel.

Mrs. Addie K. Mason was called to Bethel, Monday, by the death of her brother-in-law, Justin B. Mason.

Mr. F. E. Russell has purchased the Hastings house on Kimball Park, which he has occupied for some time past.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bailey of South Paris are guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Deane and other relatives in town this week.

A heavy thunder shower passed over Bethel, Saturday evening, the culmination of a two days' rain. No damage reported.

Miss Mariel Boyker of Westford, Mass., and Miss Edna Bailey of Steep Falls, Me., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Byker.

Messrs. H. M. Farwell, A. Van Horn, Kenneth and sons, Eugene and Louis, spent the week end at Tim Pond in the Bangor region.

Hattie and William White of Haverhill, Mass., are spending the summer with their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William Lowe.

Mr. and Mrs. Harriette of Portland are spending the summer in town. Mr. Harriette has employment with F. H. Hall in the leather shop.

Mrs. Harold Hastings and family and Mrs. Violet of Haverhill, Mass., are spending a few weeks at the Hastings homestead on Broad Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl L. Brown, Mrs. Charles Crosby and Mrs. Henry Perkins were in Bethel, Tuesday, to attend the funeral of Mr. Scates Mason.

Mrs. Vivian Hutchins has returned to his work in Schenectady, N. Y., after spending several weeks at his home here recuperating from a severe attack of pneumonia.

HARTFORD MAN DIES FROM INJURIES RECEIVED WHEN RUN OVER BY AUTO

William H. Collins, who was run over by a truck in the dooryard of Chas. A. Merrill of Hartford, and seriously injured, was taken to the C. M. G. hospital where he passed away Thursday night. The funeral was held at Lewiston at one o'clock Saturday. Mr. Collins was about 60 years of age and had lived with Mr. and Mrs. Merrill for many years.

Servants at the Congregational church will be resumed next Sunday.

Mrs. W. H. Thurston and family are spending a few days in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Z. F. Darke of Orono, Me., are visiting relatives in town.

Miss Phyllis Campbell was the guest of relatives in Rumford last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Clark and Miss Cora Dean were in Berlin, Tuesday.

Mrs. William McCrea has moved into one of M. A. Naimy's rents on Main Street.

Miss Marjorie Thurston of Andover is spending some time with her aunt, Mrs. W. H. Thurston.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Smith have returned from a wedding trip to New York and Philadelphia.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter from Burlington, Vt., spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Carver.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cunningham of Gorham, N. H., visited relatives in town Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Daniel Wight and family of Gorham, N. H., were Sunday guests of Dr. and Mrs. I. H. Wight.

Mr. Harold Rich and son, Stuart, of Torrington, Conn., are guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elliott Rich.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Young and son, Richard, were in Calais, Wednesday, July 7, to attend the Youngtree school wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Barker, who have been visiting his mother, Mrs. Lydia Barker, returned to their home in Lewiston, Mass., Saturday.

Messrs. Burton Andrews, Carl Everts and Randolph Morris, all of Dorchester, Mass., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Benck and family last week.

Mrs. Jeanette Shaw and two daughters, who have been visiting in Rumford, have returned to Bethel and are staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Gill.

Miss Catherine Howe, Miss Daisy Kendrick, Mr. Walter Stockbridge and sister, Miss Julia Stockbridge, spent the week end at the Howe homestead in Rumford.

The initiatory degree was conferred on one candidate at the meeting of Mt. Abram Lodge, I. O. O. F., Friday evening. The first degree will be conferred at the meeting of Friday, July 23.

The ladies shops in town will close Tuesday nights and Thursday nights until further notice. During the past year they have been open every day and evening with the exception of Sunday.

Mrs. Charles Dean accompanied her daughter, Mrs. Homer Smith, to Mass. Charlotte, where she is spending some time with Mr. Smith's mother, and receiving medical treatment. Mrs. Dean has returned home and will care for Mrs. Smith's children.

Plans have been received in town announcing the marriage of Dr. Harry N. Young and Miss Beulah Hecate of Calais, Me., Wednesday, July 7. Dr. Young is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Young, former residents of Bethel. Friends extend congratulations to the young couple.

"THE DUTCH DETECTIVE" TO BE GIVEN AT NEWRY CORNER

"The Dutch Detective" will be played at the Grange Hall, Newry Corner, Friday evening, July 16. Special features will be introduced between the acts. Dancing will follow the show.

"The Dutch Detective" assures you a laugh every minute. Don't fail to see the lovers and swapped families involved in a maze of hilarious circumstances.

Our weekly Sunday worship. Why not

CHURCH ACTIVITIES

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH

Rev. Chas. Easternhouse, Minister. Next Sunday will be visitation day at the church. Many visitors from out of town are expected. A picnic lunch will be held after the services on Mr. Park's lawn. Coffee will be served from the church.

Dr. McClester, Dean of Tufts College, will be the speaker.

There will be music by the male quartet and a mixed chorus.

In the evening at 7:30 Dr. McClester will speak again. Last year the Dean made an extended trip to Europe and in the evening's lecture, "Haunted Halls of Europe," he will relate some of his experiences on this trip.

The Sunday School picnic has been postponed from Wednesday, July 14, to July 21. The picnic will be held at the Baker house near Songo Pond. All are requested to meet at the church at 10 o'clock in the forenoon when autos will be ready to take the party members to the designated place.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

Chapman Street. Services Sunday morning at 10:45. Subject of the lesson sermon, "Life." Sunday School at 10 o'clock.

METHODIST CHURCH

"The Singing Church." Rev. Chester B. Oliver, Minister.

Our worship and study periods for the Sabbath Day and through the week are as follows:

(1) Church School, 9:45 o'clock Sunday mornings.

(2) Worship, 10:45 o'clock.

(3) Worship (Epworth League) 6:30 o'clock Sunday evenings.

(4) Worship (Evening meeting) 7:30 o'clock.

(5) Worship (Evening mid-week meetings) 7:30 o'clock Tuesdays.

(6) Business meeting for the Church and Church School—the first and last Tuesday of each month respectively.

"The latch string is always out" on the door of the Church and the parsonage and the homes of the Methodist people. A young man—a stranger—said last week, "Your church is a warm cordial church." The Methodist minister has had more people visit him, in the past four years, for friendship and counsel than have come to him in other years put together. In spite of this he says, "There are men in this village and town who have never once in five years visited themselves of the power of God's spirit in their lives or the privilege of Christian worship. These same men would not live in a place where there was not a protestant church." In spite of this we say:—Our Church exists for those who are outside of it—our Church is not an end in itself—our Church is here to do business for the community. To stamp out sin—to cause men and women, young and old, to make for us Christ likeness and Christian character—Minister and people are here, "to burn the sinner," to have a better world than we found here—if you don't believe it you get acquainted with us and see. You hurt and hinder us by your absence, but you hurt yourself more. You had better get into the Christian program and pull with us. The Epworth Herald states:—"You cannot come people by ignoring them. Don't you wish you could cut your lawn that way?" The only way we can kill our enemies is to kill them with kindness. People of "Foreign" nations have discovered that there are people who are Christ like and more who are "Christians" and the Christian is a label only. They are wise enough to go around the corner and meet the sinner.

That is what you had better do, "kill sin." Jesus says, "If you love those who love you what reward have you, sinners love to sinners." The harder thing to do is to love those who have not loved you very well. There is where you show what you are made of—your metal. No, No, No, you have to overcome. "I am weak, ye have done it for me." There are too many good people, Christ like, praying people in the Bethel Methodist Church for you to lose the helpfulness, the friendship and the opportunity to do and be something eternal.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Rev. S. T. Ashenbach, Minister. Thursday, July 15: The Ladies' Club will hold an all day meeting with Mrs. L. T. Bartlett at Middle Intervale.

Sunday, July 18: 10:45: Sunday morning services will open a series of sermons on "Men and Mountains." Subject, "Mount Si-

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AUTO OVERTURNS IN GRAFTON NOTCH

An Essex coach owned by a Portland party was overturned early Monday morning in Grafton notch on a turn near the entrance to York Pond. The car left the road on the turn and turned upside down landing in a clump of alder bushes. The occupants escaped with minor cuts and bruises.

use your ears to get people in who have an ears? Why not drive in from the country and help fill up the congregation?

WEST BETHEL UNION CHURCH

E. A. Goldsworthy, Pastor.

The choir, which holds rehearsals on Friday evenings at 7:30, is in need of a few more male voices for the entertainment which will be given next month. The choir is planning an outing for the last week in August. The boys' club has purchased a new soccer ball, which together with baseball will furnish plenty of sport. The girls' club is working at basketry. The Junior class has had a successful picnic.

The course of sermons on "How to Appreciate the Bible" will be continued next Sunday morning. The topic for the talk in the evening will be "Some Fellows I Have Known in College."

TRAIN SCHEDULE

The new train schedule effective June 29 is as follows:

West bound trains, daily—10:23 A. M.; 7:14 P. M.; 11:15 P. M. Sunday—10:23 A. M.; 11:16 P. M.

East bound trains, daily—4:50 A. M.; 8:00 A. M.; 4:42 P. M. Sunday—4:50 A. M.; 4:42 P. M.

NOTICE

Dog taxes are due and should be paid at once to the Town Clerk.

Per order, F. A. BROWN, W. H. THURSTON, R. D. HASTINGS, Selectmen of Bethel.

7-8

ANDOVER

Mr. Sidney Abbott suffered a paralytic shock at his home Saturday evening and is recovering rapidly.

George Wyman, a well known citizen of Andover, passed away at the home of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Lena Graves, Thursday morning. He was taken ill Wednesday while working on the Lake road. Surviving are a son and daughter. The remains were taken to Bridgton for burial.

Mrs. Frank Marshall returned to her home in Dixfield, Sunday, after spending several days with her sister, Miss Annie Akers.

Mr. and Mrs. Girdler Sweet and two sons of Lynn spent last week with Mrs. Sweet's brother, Sylvanus Poor, and family at the "Homestead."

Miss Molly Fox of Dorchester is a guest of Mrs. Albert Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Derry and Mrs. Elmer Eldridge and daughter of Rumford called on friends in town Sunday.

The Josselyn Botanical Society of Maine are meeting in Andover this week with headquarters at the Homestead.

Mr. Fred Deaser, who has been a recent visitor in town, returned to his home in Somerville, Friday.

Mr. Elliott Hodgkins of Manchester, N. H., is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Lucien Akers, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Roger Thurston and daughter, Aron, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Hedell and Mrs. Alice Thurston enjoyed an auto trip to the White Mountains, Sunday.

Mrs. Frank McAllister substituted in the public library, Saturday.

Arthur Noble has moved his family to Kennebunk where he has employment. Miss Marguerite Noble accompanied him.

Mr. Kirke Stowell is making repairs on his house.

Miss Pauline Small is visiting her father, P. P. Small.

Lucas M. Grange held his regular meeting in the hall Thursday.

Mrs. Minnie Akers of Portsmouth, N. H., is visiting her brother, Lyman Abbott.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Hedell of Boston have returned home after spending several weeks with his sister, Mrs. Alice Thurston and family.

The annual meeting of the Andover Chautauque Association met in the hall Tuesday. The Hadell Chautauque will be held in Andover, July 20-21-22, afternoons and evenings.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Yates are visiting relatives in Milan, N. H.

The W. R. C. will hold their annual rose supper July 23 at 6:15.

DIRECTORY

Station is extended to
along to any of these
visit meetings when

GE, No. 27, F. & A.
sonic Hall the second
of every month.
V. M.; Fred B. Mer-

TER, No. 102, O. E.
sonic Hall the first
of each month.
Brook, W. M.; Mrs.
Kerckhoven, Sec.

ODGE, No. 31, I. O.
their hall every Fri-
S. Silver, N. G.; D.
tary.

ERAH LODGE, No.
ects in Odd Fellows'
third Monday eve-
Mrs. Alice Lit-
Miss Olive Austin,

DGE, No. 22, K. of
ge Hall the first and
each month. H. C.
G. Maehla, K. of

EMPLE, No. 58,
RS, meets the sec-
Wednesday evenings
Grange Hall, Mrs.
M. E. C.; Mrs. Hes-
R. and C.

NO. 84, G. A. R.,
lows Hall the sec-
Thursday of each
chthon, Command-
Adjutant; L. N.

C, No. 36, meets
all the second and
evenings of each
man, President;
nk, Secretary.

UND POST, No.
EGION, meets the
Tuesday of each
J. M. Harring,
Lloyd Luxton, Ad-

ARDS CAMP, NO.
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rown, Secretary.

GE, No. 56, P. of
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Association, Meet-
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Porto Bello Gold

By
Arthur D. Howden Smith

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WNU Service

SYNOPSIS

The story opens in New York, about the middle of the Eighteenth century. Robert Ormerod, who tells the tale, is talking to Peter Corlier, chief of the traders, and man of enormous strength, when Darby McGraw, Irish bonded boy, brings news that a pirate ship is "off the Hook." An old sea captain announces he has been chased by the notorious pirate, Captain Rip-Rap. The older Ormerod tells Robert the pirate is Andrew Murray, his (Robert's) great-uncle, commanding the pirate ship, the Royal James. Murray is an ardent Jacobite. Next day Robert and Darby encounter a one-legged sailor, John Silver. Robert meets a young woman from a Spanish frigate who is seeking her father, Colonel O'Donnell. Murray with a force of sailors visits the Ormerods. He announces his intention of carrying off Robert, by force, if necessary, promising him a great future. Robert meets a blind sailor, Pew. The fellow's blindness apparently troubles him little, but Robert instinctively dislikes and fears him.

CHAPTER VI—Continued

"Nor will you, Nephew Robert. No, my problems are connected with the difficult task of attaining an imaginary spot in this trackless waste, and puzzlement as to whether I have correctly estimated an equation of human values. You are not, perhaps, mathematical? Ah, too bad! There is no mental exercise so restful and diverting to the mind as algebra. But figures lack the warm interest of human equations. As, for instance, the exact degree of trust to be imposed in untrustworthy persons."

"Still hot" shouted the lookout in the main crossrees.

Murray's calm face flushed with sudden emotion, and he took a step forward.

"Where does she lie?" he trumpeted through his clasped hands.

"Maybe one, two points to larboard, sir."

"Can you make her out?"

"Only topsails, sir; big 'uns."

"Let me know as soon as you make her," said Murray, and turned back to me.

But almost at once the other lookout in the foremast sang out—

"Second sail to larboard, sir, coming up after 'tother chaps!"

Murray rubbed his hands together with every evidence of satisfaction.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "It appears that my estimation of the safe degree of trust to be imposed in the given situation was within the bounds of accuracy."

"I don't understand you."

"Not in plain English let us say then that my own vessel and consort are meeting me according to plan."

"Why do you speak of trust?" I challenged. "Cannot you trust your own people?"

"I trust nobody farther than I must," he retorted.

And without another word he produced a patent folding spyglass from his pocket and clapped it to his eye.

Silver, who had been in interested witness to the scene from his aerial stop of the cabin skylight, hopped across the deck to my great-uncle's side.

"Begin your pardon, captain," he said. "But I'd make oath that topsails are the canvas you took out of the moogle's ship off Pondicherry. Mind it, sir? 'Twas uncommon bleached and looked whiter'n our cloth."

Murray handed him the glass.

"Stop me, Silver, but I believe you are right," he returned. "What a hawk's eye you must have! Here, see what you can make of it with this."

Long John peered through the glass, steadying his crutch against the butt of the foremast.

"'Twas James to leeward!" bawled the foretop.

And the main crossrees echoed, not to be outdone—

"'Walrus comin' up astern o' her!"

"Tis they, never a doubt," assented Silver as he lowered the glass. "Blightin' into it they are, too, and a lusty show o' canvas to both o' them. If you was to ask me now, captain, I'd say Flint isn't willing to plow your wake."

My great-uncle indulged in a pinch of snuff, a mildly cynical smile upon his handsome features.

"I thank you," he acknowledged. "And now I would have the men tumble up their gear from below and make ready the boats. I shall also leave it to you, Silver, to lay the powder-train. How much have you?"

"Three casks, sir."

"Excellent. But allow us ample time to get free."

"Why do you give your orders to Silver and not to Robert?" I inquired curiously after the one-legged man had gone forward.

My great-uncle lowered his glass with a benevolent smile.

"I refuse to perceive that you have an ardent tendency," he commented. "Why do I single out Silver for orders? Ah! The reasons are quite obvious. To begin with, he is gifted with a personality which enables him to secure the accomplishment of tasks; but perhaps as important as that consideration is the parallel fact that it lies to my interest to develop the seed of dissension in the 'Walrus' crew. Their future contains infinite possibilities. Who knows what trifling factor may influence the dictates of fate? I am, you may say, in a minority of one among some hundreds of headstrong, wilful, in-

temperate men. United, they would crush me like a fly on the wall. Divided, and kept divided, they are so many instruments for the fulfilling of my desires. Wait until we are aboard the Royal James, Robert. Then you will realize what I offer you."

"I have heard much of it already," I agreed dryly.

"Anton you shall hear all," he answered. "Let us get Flint across-table from us in the James' state cabin with a beaker of rum at his elbow. Then you shall hear me talk."

Bones came up to speak to him; and I rejoined Peter, who was glumly watching the unloading of the small boats and the riewing of the sails by which they were slung overside.

As Murray nodded dismissal to Bones, Silver left us and hopped up to him.

"All set and ready below, captain," he announced.

My great-uncle cast his eye at the approaching ships, now so near that we could make out quite distinctly the contour of their hulls, painted yellow, with a white band delimiting the ports, man-of-war fashion. The James was already beginning to take in some of her top-canvas.

"Very good, Silver," he answered. "Master Bones! You will bring the ship to and put over the bows."

There was a great flapping and banging as the brig rounded to, and with much yoh-ho-ing the boats were lowered into the water.

"You will go off first, Master Bones," ordered Murray. Kindly present my compliments to Captain Flint and say that I should like to have a word with him aboard the James at his early convenience."

Bones sullenly touched his cap and led better than half the crew into one of the two longboats the brig had carried. Murray nodded to Silver as they cast off.

"Start your train," he said shortly. "Nephew Robert, I wish you and Peter to go into the second boat. At once, please!"

Peter and I climbed clumsily down the ladder of cante nailed to the brig's hull and dropped into the bobbing longboat. Peter groaned as we crawled over the thwarts.

"Like der waves is my stomach—oop-andt down. Now I be sick, ja!"

Presently Murray descended the brig's side with an agility which put me to shame and took his seat in the stern sheets. Darby awarined down like a monkey and ensconced himself beside us in the bow. Silver was slung over in the bight of a rope, and the last of the crew tumbled over after him, one upon the other's heels. Our wets throat out, and we pulled rapidly toward the Royal James, wallowing in the trough of the sea, a quarter-mile away. The Walrus, foaming up under a cloud of canvas, was almost as near, and on our weather bow.

Boom! The roar of an explosion behind us was as sharp as the smack of an open hand. I turned my head. So did the others. Murray was looking back, too, and the rowers rested on their oars.

A cloud of smoke jetted up from the brig's hatches. She heeled over to starboard as we watched, gave a

quivering lurch and commenced to slide under by the head. We could hear the slap of the sails as they struck the waves. In two minutes she was gone.

"That was well-contrived, Silver," remarked my great-uncle. "Steath, but you are a man of parts. Give way, lad!"

He nodded the length of the boat to me.

"I trust you perceive the significance of that, Nephew Robert. A certain young man, we will say, disappears from New York. A certain brig disappears simultaneously. Some might go so far as to associate the two disappearances. Frigates put to sea in search of a certain brig—but the brig is no more."

The men at the oars laughed loudly, and I made no answer. What could I say? I felt very hopeless.

The bulwarks of the James were lined with heads and faces as we pulled under her counter and made fast, and even at that distance the complexity of her crew was apparent. I saw Portuguese, Finns, Scandinavians, French and English cheek by jowl with negroes, Moors, Indians and slant-eyed yellow men. But what impressed me the most was the absolute silence which greeted us, a silence all the more impressive because the wind carried to our ears the bedlam of shouts, cheers, oaths and imprecations with which the Walrus was receiving Bones' boat several hundred yards away.

Murray waved me to the ladder as he set foot on the first cleat.

"Up with you, Nephew! Peter also. The rest go to the Walrus."

Darby snatched at my hand as I rose.

"Whirra, whirra, but there's an ache in my heart to be parted from ye, Master Boh!" he cried. "And if ye want to place it do seem we might be together on the same ship!"

He made to follow me, indeed, but Silver pulled him back.

"You stays w' us, Darby," growled the one-legged man. "Blast ye, lad, you're our good luck. Flint'll doubt the ship in rum after one look at ye."

"We'll meet again, Darby," I said. "Never you fear."

He was still jabbering in a mixture of grief and joy when I climbed over the bulwark and dropped beside my great-uncle into the midst of another world.

Fore and aft from poop to fore'st stretched the wide deck from which the lofty spars rose like forest giants. The massive bulwarks were shoulder-high, and inboard everything was painted red exactly as in a king's ship. The hundreds of men who had watched us from the bulwarks had all sifted forward. We stood in the midst of an open space, with only three others.

One of these three was a very small old man with wispy gray hair and deeply bronzed face, from which his eyes peered intensely blue and childishly simple. He had gold rings in his ears, and his dress was neat and plain.

"My service, captain," he greeted Murray. "Ship's in order, I hope. —My eyes if we've had so much as a —bore away from ye off the Hook."

The effect of the unspeakable blasphemies which poured with mild intonation from his lips was ridiculous, but nobody appeared to notice it, and I learned afterward that his habit of swearing by the anatomy of the twelve apostles and various saints and sacred figures was the quintessence of several quaint characteristics of an unusual personality.

"We won't complain about that, Master Martin," replied my great-uncle. "I have brought back my grand-nephew to be the mainstay of my old age. Here he is—Master Ormerod Martin. Ah, and this is a friend of his and an old enemy of mine, Peter Corlier." As Peter rolled over the top of the bulwarks, "He is more to be reckoned with than you might suppose, is Peter."

"Master Martin, Nephew Robert, is my mate, and as such, my right hand and arm."

Martin stepped back, and the second of the three men confronting us touched his cap. This was a square, heavy-built fellow with a downy glint to his eye, who wore a decent blue cloth coat and small clothes.

"And here is Saunders, Master Martin's second," continued my great-uncle. "A Scot like myself. My nephew should make a fine Scotsman; eh, Saunders?"

"It's a brave-looking ladde in seemin'," Saunders agreed cautiously. "Your meaning is that we must prove him?" responded Murray. "Quite true. We shall. Hold, Captain!"

And he rattled into a string of French which I could not follow as the third man met him with a bow and a scrape of one foot. "Youpeau was as brutal in looks and manner as Black Dog or Bill Bones, but without the sinister implications of speech and action that made me shudder whenever the blind man Pew approached me or spoke in my hearing. He had been branded on the cheek, and he had been branded by self-interest which is to be preferred above all.

"And now we will go aft and prepare to receive Captain Flint."

Murray led us to a door in the break of the poop which was opened for us by a stalwart black in a red livery coat, who ushered us along a companionway lined with stateroom doors into a spacious state cabin stretching the width of the stern. The walls were paneled in mahogany; silver

pendants were fastened at intervals, and a wondrous tower chandelier, resplendent from the ceiling, itself unconsciously lofty for shipboard; several paintings in the French school hung at the sides; and there were trophies of peculiar arms and armor. Underfoot were Eastern rugs, thick piled and soft of hue.

My great-uncle surveyed this magnificence with pardonable pride. "Twas evident it meant something to him."

"Diomedes," he said to the negro, "where is Master Gunn?"

A high, piping voice answered him from the companionway.

"Coming, worshipful sir. Ben Gunn's a-comin'. I jest stopped by the galley to fetch up your chocolate."

The man who followed the voice trotted in bearing a silver pitcher of steaming chocolate, Murray's favorite drink; aye, and food. He was a slender fellow, with a simple, open face, clad in plain black as became an upper servant. He stopped dead at sight of us.

"Set your tray on the table, Gunn," instructed my great-uncle. "This is my grand-nephew, Master Ormerod, and his friend, Master Corlier. They are to sail with us a while."

Gunn pulled his forelock and ducked. "Servant, gentlemen," he acknowledged. "Althus glad to please, is Ben Gunn. Bound to oblige ye, gentlemen. You jest name your drinks, and I'll fetch 'em up from the wine-bias."

"Food as well, Gunn," said Murray. "And Captain Flint is coming aboard."

Ben Gunn cocked his head one side. "That means rum," he ed unctured. "Plenty o' rum, says you. Jest leave it to Ben, captain."

He ducked and scraped again and skipped off into the companionway with a kind of wiggle like a self-conscious child.

"My steward," remarked my relative. "The man is a half-wit, is he not?"

"A natural, yes," assented Murray, tasting the chocolate.

"I should think it would be dangerous to have one so simple in such close proximity to you."

My great-uncle smiled.

"You are quite, quite wrong, my boy. It is for the very reason that the man is incapable of spying that I use him. He is more valuable for my purposes than the most intelligent member of the crew."

He broke off.

"This chocolate is by no means so well brewed as Silver's. An extraordinary fellow, that, monstrously clever —exactly the sort of man, Robert, I never permit to remain near me. Indeed, if you possess the patience and the interest to analyze the composition of my officers and crew you will observe, I believe, that there is not an independently clever man amongst them. Aye, and if you find me a clever man aboard the Royal James—yourself and friend Peter excepted, of course—I will thank you to point him out to me, and I will straightway make a present of him to Flint, who must have half a dozen of the Walrus crew who esteem themselves equally capable with him of commanding her."

"I am not—by necessity I am not—regarded with affection by my followers. And on the whole, I think I have gotten along better by means of fear than I might have by means of affection. Fear is a natural element in a pirate's career. What place has he in his life for affection? Hark! Do I hear something?"

He did beyond question—an uproar of curses and shouts upon the deck outside.

"It is only that Captain Flint has come aboard. Pray take your seats. I promise you an interesting episode."

The door to the deck banged open, and a harsh, dominating voice belted in the companionway.

"—me, Martin, what the —d'ye think ye are? By the helled swab, ye made us —"

"Stow that, ye —" apostrophized for a —"interrupted Martin mildly from the deck. "Why, any — would have had more sense than you!"

"Like —" I'm my own master, I am."

"Ye may be when ye stand on the Walrus' deck, but here ye're only another — as doesn't know better'n to veer after—"

"Belay for a — lucky, ye slab-faced chunk o' rotted sea-horse! I'll talk to your master!"

Slam went the door, and a matter of curses rumbled from the companionway, preceding a tall, blue-jowled man in a flaming red coat all cocked up over with gold lace. He halted in the cabin in his hands on his hips, feet planted wide, chest set green eyes flickering hatefully on either side of a long nose that seemed to poke out from a tangle of black hair.

"Black, eh, Murray?" he snarled. "Two men the richer for your effort. But he, 'twas a fool's errand!"

"Tardon me," objected Murray, "but I am considerably more than two men the richer in consequence of my own actions—although I would not appear by these words to depreciate the importance of my grand-nephew and Master Corlier. Permit me, Captain Flint! Master Ormerod, my grand-nephew, and Peter Corlier."

Flint bowed at us, flinging himself into a chair at the opposite end of the table from my great-uncle.

"A youth and a fat man!" he ejaculated. "And unwilling at that, as Bones tells me."

"Master Bones was correct in that statement," my great-uncle assented cheerfully; "but I fancy he neglected to add that the 'fat man' took his knife away from him and must have hanged him had I not intervened."

An appreciable degree of respect dawned in Flint's eyes.

"He is no butter-tub if he bested Bill," conceded the Walrus captain. "Curse me, though, if I see why you should add a cub to your crew."

"Tut, tut, captain," remonstrated Murray. "A cub? Think again. The boy is my heir."

"All he'll fall heir to will be the rope that hung you," returned Flint. "But I'll own I did you wrong when I accused you of being but two men the better by your shore expedition. I was forgetting the red-headed man I met John Silver fetched aboard. 'Tis the first promise o' luck we've had!"

My uncle took snuff with much delicacy and rang a silver bell in front of him.

"Gunn is late with the liquor. I must ask your indulgence, captain, for compelling you to talk dry."

Ben Gunn bustled into the cabin and deposited a trayful of decanters, bottles and flasks before us. Captain Flint, without awaiting an invitation, seized upon an earthen receptacle labeled "Godney's Jamaican Rum," asked the cork with the point of a knife, tilted it to his mouth and drained a mighty dram. Then he set it down beside him, wiped his mouth on his coat-cuff and cleared his throat.

I pushed a cut-glass carafe of water toward him, supposing he would wish

some dilution, and he laughed jarringly.

"You ha' much to learn, my lad," he jeered. "We don't spoil good rum w' water aboard the Walrus. There's a cask broached this minute on the spar-deck, and all hands fillin' their pannikins as fast as they can empty 'em, w' red-headed Darby astride the butt for luck."

"Which means you will be in no condition to make sail a few hours hence," deplored my great-uncle, wagging his head. "Tis foolishness, Flint. This rum-swilling will yet prove the undoing of you and every man of your crew."

"Look to your ship, and I'll look to mine," snapped Flint, quaffing a wineglass of the goblet's contents.

My uncle stared him straight in the eye with a hard, direct thrust of power which stirred my unwilling admiration.

"To whom do you owe your present position?" he asked coolly.

Flint made a patent attempt to stare him down, but abandoned the effort and looked away.

"Some might say one thing and some another," he muttered.

"To whom do you owe your present position, Flint?" repeated Murray.

"Oh, to you, most like," admitted Flint. "Blast you!"

"Have I ever led you into difficulties?" continued my great-uncle.

"Not I—"

"Have I ever led you into difficulties?"

"No."

"No."

"No."

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"All he'll fall heir to will be the rope that hung you," returned Flint. "But I'll own I did

Young Wife Afraid to Eat Anything

"I was afraid to eat because I always had stomach trouble afterwards. Since taking Adlerika I can eat and feel fine." (signed) Mrs. A. Howard, ONE spoonful of Adlerika removes GAS and often brings surprising results to the stomach. Stops that full, bloated feeling. Removes old waste matter from intestines which you never thought was in your system. Excellent for obstinate constipation. W. E. Bosserman, Drug-gist.

REPORT OF CONDITION OF THE BETHEL NATIONAL BANK, At Bethel in the State of Maine, at the close of business on June 30, 1928.

RESOURCES	
1 a Loans and discounts, including rediscounts, acceptances of other banks, and foreign bills of exchange or drafts, sold with indorsement of this bank (except those shown in item 1 b)	\$21,151.11
2 Overdrafts, unsecured	6.59
3 U. S. Government Securities owned:	
a Deposited to secure circulation (U. S. bonds par value)	10,000.00
b All other United States Government securities (including premiums, if any)	17,400.00
Total	27,460.00
4 Other bonds, stocks, securities, etc., owned	112,204.70
5 Furniture and fixtures	72.50
6 Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank	15,399.24
7 Cash in vault and amount due from national banks	50,574.70
Total of items 9, 10, 11, 12, and 13	56,574.79
14 Miscellaneous cash items	76.54
15 Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer	500.00
Total	\$303,443.47
LIABILITIES	
16 Capital stock paid in	\$25,000.00
17 Surplus fund	25,000.00
18 Undivided profits	27,320.08
19 Circulating notes outstanding	8,500.00
20 Certain checks out standing	7.50
Total of items 24, 25, 26, 27, and 28	7.50
21 Individual deposits and due to check	216,584.39
22 Demand deposits other than bank deposits sub- mitted to Reserve Items 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, and 34	947.59
Total	\$303,443.47

STATE OF MAINE, COUNTY OF OXFORD, SS:

I, ELLERY C. PARK, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

ELLERY C. PARK, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me

the 7 day of July, 1928.

A. E. HERRICK, Notary Public.

Correct Attest:

FRED L. EDWARDS,

ERNEST M. WALKER,

CLARENCE K. FOX,

Directors.

STATE OF MAINE

To all persons interested in either of the

Estates hereinafter named.

At a Probate Court, at Bethel, in vaca-

tion in and for the County of Oxford,

on the twenty ninth day of June, in

the year of our Lord one thousand nine

hundred and twenty six. The following

matters having been presented for the

action thereupon hereinafter indicated,

it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all

persons interested, by causing a copy of

this order to be published three weeks

consecutively in the Oxford County Cit-

izen a newspaper published at Bethel, in

said County, that they may appear at

Probate Court to be held at and there-

on the third Tuesday of July, A. D.

1928, at 9 of the clock in the forenoon,

and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Witness E. Marston late of Hartford,

deceased; given for order to distrib-

ute balance remaining in his hands pre-

sented by Abram G. Marston, adminis-

trator.

Witness, Henry H. Hastings, Judge

of said court at Bethel, this twenty-

ninth day of June in the year of our

Lord one thousand nine hundred and

twenty six.

ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

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SOUTH ALBANY

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kimball are

spending a short vacation in Lewiston

and Norway.

Mr. and Mrs. Betty Robinson came

from Bangor, Monday, bringing Lucil

Kimball home who has been spending

a week with them.

Ray H. Wardwell recently installed a

telephone in the team room for Mr. E.

D. Holson.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Little have been

spending a few days in Portland.

Mrs. Lester Allen was called to Nor-

A FIRST LADY



Mrs. W. Freeland Kendrick, wife of the Mayor of Philadelphia, who also is president of the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition Association, organized to stage a great celebration to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Mrs. Kendrick is shown beside the historic Liberty Bell, which she tapped at a recent broadcasting event when the world was told of completion of plans for the big exposition.

HERBERT HOOVER TURNS SPADEMAN



The Secretary of Commerce turns up first spadeful of dirt at ground breaking ceremonies for emergency hospital on the grounds of the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia. The exposition will commemorate the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of American Independence. At the cabinet member's right is Mayor Kendrick of Philadelphia. The hospital will be conducted by physicians and nurses from the Philadelphia General Hospital.

SITE OF THE FIRST PHONE MESSAGE



Walter S. Gifford (left), president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and Leonard H. Hammond (right), president of the Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania and Associated Companies, are shown standing on the exact spot where Alexander Graham Bell first talked over his invention at the Centennial Exposition 50 years ago. In the background can be seen Memorial Hall, relic of the Centennial, and which is now being used as a museum. It was on this spot that Don Pedro, then Emperor of Brazil, met the 23-year-old inventor and exclaimed, "My God, it talks!" when he heard Bell's voice come over the wire. The exhibits to be staged by the organization these men represent will be one of the great features of the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition, which opens in Philadelphia June 1 and continues to December 1 to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

RUMFORD POINT

Marjorie Taylor of Concord, N. H., is spending two weeks vacation here with her mother.

Mrs. Caldwell has had her house and stable painted.

Mrs. Lida Cole of Sumner is visiting her two sons here.

John Stevens and family of North Auburn were in town Saturday.

E. A. Merrill and family were in Rangeley the week end.

Mrs. J. F. Martin was in Old Orchard over Sunday.

A. J. Marle and wife motored to Colbrook, N. H., Thursday.

L. B. Cole is working at Upper Dam.

Miss Myrtle Barker of Lewiston is in town.

Mr. Freeman and wife have returned to Portland.

Walter Walker has gone to Gorham to school.

WEST GREENWOOD

Mr. and Mrs. Jones and Mr. and Mrs. Hewlett and daughter, and Miss Daisy Dearden all of Westbrook spent a few days with their aunt, Mrs. William Dearden. They came by auto and had a very nice trip.

Paul Peterson is leaving at George Connor's.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Harrington spent the Fourth in Portland.

Harry Furham and friends and May Cross spent the week end with May's mother.

Miss Farwell was a guest of Miss Annie Cross one night last week.

Mrs. Flinders spent a few days with her mother recently.

Charles Holt and sister Lizzie are visiting their brother, W. A. Holt.

Walt Seams and W. C. Cross went fishing on the pond one day last week.

Mrs. Abbie Connor spent a few days with her son, George Connor, recently.

The hay pressers are in town pressing hay for J. F. Harrington.

Ethel Harrington and Mrs. Dearden were at Newry Corner last week.

Frank Holtham and Miss May Dearden of Westbrook were married July 2 and spent their honeymoon with her aunt, Mrs. Dearden.

Mr. Thomas's brother-in-law is doing a week of fishing here.

Mrs. Heaton was home over the Fourth.

There were some from the city at the home of Mr. Jones last night. He was home from work at 10 o'clock.

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and Mrs. Jones. Morris Chase and Mabel Harding were married Sunday, July 11.

LOCKE'S MILLS

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Tebbets and John were week end guests of relatives at Mechanic Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. William Smith and children of Providence, R. I., are enjoying their vacation with her mother, Mrs. W. R. Swift.

Stanley Bartlett is having a two weeks' vacation from his work at Norway and is staying with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. King Bartlett.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Rand accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Howe and daughter of Hanover were guests of their son at Wells Beach, Sunday.

Haying Tools

SCYTHES, SNATHS, RAKES, FORKS,

HAY FORKS, HAY FORK ROPE

D. G. Brooks

BETHEL, MAINE

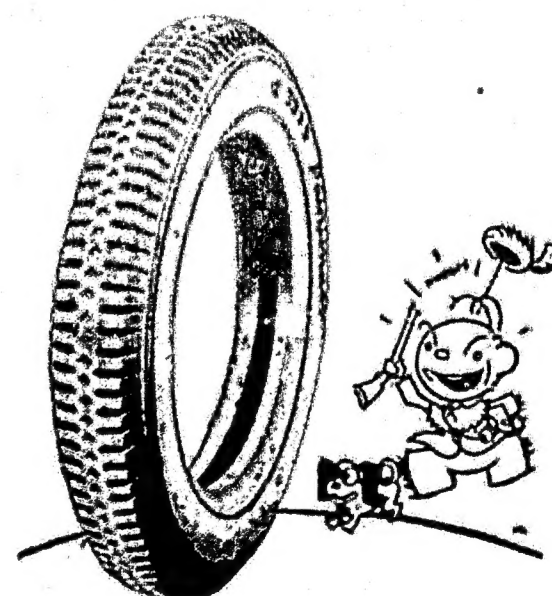
INSURE YOUR FUTURE

By a constructive plan of saving a definite sum on each pay day. Without such a plan, the business of amassing money is almost hopeless.

To save a portion of your income regularly, when the habit is once acquired is as natural as breathing and the final reward is financial independence.

PARIS TRUST CO.

SOUTH PARIS MAINE BUCKFIELD



The Pathfinder A Terror to "Gyps" Pathfinder

Not only beats their prices but gives something they CAN'T GIVE—REAL VALUE! Has a real maker behind it—the world's largest and best tire manufacturer.

Gets our Goodyear Service, too:

Special Today

30 x 3 1/2 CLINGER PRICE

Oversize Pathfinder \$9.95

Fabric.....\$7.05, Cord.....\$8.75

Other sizes, including straight side, also at bargain prices.

Warning—This offer is limited; get your Pathfinders now.

Oil 60c per Gallon

CENTRAL SERVICE STATION

Main St., Bethel, Maine

Phone 107-5

WANT COLUMN

Twenty-five words or less, one week, 25 cents; second week, 15 cents; each additional week, 10 cents.
Each word more than 25: One week, 1 cent and each additional week, 25 cents. Minimum charge, 25 cents. Cash must accompany order.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—1924 Ford Coupe in good mechanical condition and paint. C. C. BRYANT, Bethel, Me.

FOR SALE—First Quality Vancouver Red Cedar Shingles. F. W. CLARK, Bethel, Maine.

NOTICE—The baker shops in Bethel will close Tuesday at six P. M. and Thursday at 12 M. until further notice.

FOR SALE—10 tons pressed hay, good quality. Also one single horse. Contact Mr. E. J. Egan, also a horse sale. These implements are in good condition, having been used only two seasons. H. A. PARKARD. 7-5-26

HUGHES VALVE CAPS—Prevent all loss of air at the valve. \$1.25 per set of five, post paid. Liberal discount to dealers. Buy a set today and avoid the trouble and expense. H. T. MAXIM, Leake's Mills, Me., Distributor for Oxford County. 6-21-26

Office Hours: 9—11:30 A. M., 2—4 P. M.
Tues. Thurs. Sat., 7 to 8 P. M.
Wed., 9 to 12 A. M.
House Calls and Other Hours by Appointment

HOWARD E. TYLER, D. O.
Palmer School Graduate
Nephrologometer Services
Chiropractic for Health
L. N. Bartlett Residence

DR. MASON H. ALLEN
OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN
Will meet Patients at L. E. Carver's Residence, Broad Street, Bethel, Wednesdays from 9 to 12
Call 52-11 for appointment

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
BY D. M. FORBES
BETHEL, MAINE

Entered as second class matter, May 7, 1925, at the post office at Bethel, Maine.

THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1926.

WEST PARIS

Rev. Geo. Hinckley gave a very impressive sermon at the Universalist Church, Sunday. It was a visitation day and visitors were present from Canton Point and South Paris. Edna Richardson and Reynold Chase sang solos. Mrs. Adelle Mann presided at the organ.

W. W. Flavin has his new bungalow which he is building on the land of Mrs. Columbus Danham nearly raised and bounded.

The new bridge across the Little Androscoggin River is under construction and the detour is made back of Thompson & Martin's store, through Monn's field. There is a large amount of traffic. The State road is under construction between Trap Corner and South Paris and all travel is over High St.

At the last meeting of Daughters of the North American, one candidate was initiated and three men were received into the tent as honorary members. An entertainment followed in charge of Miss Ruth Perkins, after which all retired to Centennial Hall, where refreshments were served in charge of Mrs. Millie Davis. The next meeting of Hannah Carter Tent will be held Monday evening, July 19, at 7:30, in Odd Fellows' Hall.

Sunday, July 4, Richard Lee, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Perham, was christened by Rev. E. B. Forbes at the Universalist church. The choir consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Luther Irish, Miss Elizabeth Irish, Miss Myra Irish of Bethel, and Lewis Irish of

FURNITURE FOR IMMEDIATE SALE—Glenwood Base Heater, coal or wood, No. 6; 1 small Heater, 2 Congoleams, (Art Squares), 1 Hall Rack, 1 Bed and Spring, 1 Mattress, 1 Bread Mixer, 1 gal. Ice Cream Freezer, 1 Wash Boiler, all in good condition. MRS. A. VERNILLE, Mechanic St., Bethel, Me.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—One Walter A. Wood 6-foot mower, been used a very little one season; 1 new drop head Singer sewing machine, and 1 second hand drop head White sewing machine. COPELAND. 7-15-26

HOGS WANTED—Highest cash price paid. W. C. BRYANT, Bethel. 7-15-26

HAND MADE COLONIAL RUGS
Custom weaving. MRS. B. L. YITUM, Bryant Pond, Me. 7-5-26

Hairstressing, shampooing, marcelling and facial massaging at MRS. W. P. CLARK'S, Mason St., Bethel. Tel. 52-4. 7-1-26

Ramford, with Mrs. Etta Mitchell of Bethel organist. Miss Elizabeth Irish sang two solos. Several visitors were present from Ramford and Bethel.

Dr. and Mrs. Taylor and daughter, Frances, of Boston were guests of Ruth and Eva Tucker recently.

Mrs. Ruth Devine and daughter, Louise, have returned from a two weeks vacation, spent with relatives at Salem and other places in Massachusetts.

Mrs. L. L. Bowker of Portland was the guest of her mother, Mrs. Roscoe Tach, one day last week.

Miss Ella Curtis has recently entertained Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Doe of Waltham, Mr. and Mrs. Carr and daughter, Zola Miles, of Island Pond, Vt., Mr. and Mrs. Will Bowker and son, Curtis, of Portland.

Mrs. R. T. Flavin and Mrs. Columbus Danham are spending the week at Pleasant Lake's Mills, with Arthur Flavin.

Mrs. Clara Bidion is visiting her daughter, Mrs. L. H. Penley, and family at Portland.

The funeral of Jacob Jacobson was held from the Finnish church Tuesday of last week, and was largely attended. Mr. and Mrs. Guy A. Smith motored to Augusta, P. Q., and spent Sunday, July 4, with Mrs. Smith's sister and family.

Lewis Jacob Mann sent to Maranacook Camp, Readfield, Sunday, July 4, where he will remain for the summer. A good delegation from here enjoyed the Eastern Star picnic at Will Stearns', Stearns Hill, Thursday.

SOUTH BETHEL

Gertrude Walker of So. Paris visited relatives and friends over the week end.

Several from here attended the moving pictures at Bethel, Friday and Saturday evenings.

Mrs. Mike Vashaw, Charles, Myrtle and Ruby Vashaw were at West Paris one day last week.

Monna Carrier visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Carrier, at Albany over the week end.

Annie Cross of Franklin, N. H., visited her sister, Mrs. Frank Brooks, the past week.

Warren Brooks has purchased a cow. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Gould and Oscar Foster were callers at Frank Brooks', Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Leonard of Paris Hill visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Leonard, one day last week. Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Chase are entertaining their son, Robert Chase, and

family, also friends and relatives from Vermont.

Two automobiles loaded with gypsies went through here Monday evening.

Those who attended the celebration at Dixfield the Fourth were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mason, Monna Carrier, Archie Dunton, Raymond Harthorne, Vincent Tibbitts and Clayton Vashaw.

Floreston Pierce and three friends from North Paris were in town recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brooks visited Mr. Brooks' mother, Mrs. Anna Brooks, Friday. Mrs. Brooks' daughter, Mrs. Anna Barnett from Washington, D. C., has just arrived for an extended visit.

Alfred Mason and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mason and daughter, Verna, were at West Paris, recently.

A heavy thunder shower passed over this vicinity Saturday evening. Bradley Hayes from New Hampshire was in town one day last week.

Relatives who called at Frank Brooks', Sunday, were Leon Brooks and daughter Laura of South Paris, Mr.

RU-BER-OID SHINGLES
also
ROOFINGS

RED PRESSED BRICK

ODD MILLWORK

H. ALTON BACON
Bryant's Pond, Maine

For Sale

Single tenement house, nearly new, modern improvements, good location, price \$2500.

Farm of 100 acres, 45 acres smooth handsome fields, excellent crop land, large orchard, price \$4500. Located in Paris, near State road.

Farm of 70 acres, 30 acres tillage all in one field, smooth and handsome, price \$4500. Located only 1 1/2 miles from South Paris.

Good modern house with 20 acres land, located 1 1/2 miles from South Paris, price \$1500.

For Sale By
L. A. BROOKS
REAL ESTATE DEALER
10 Market Square
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE

and Mrs. Ernest Brooks of Gorham, N. H., Henry Brooks of Peru and Lamont and Carl Brooks of Greenwood.
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Copeland and Mrs. Ralph Berry of Bethel village were in this vicinity recently.

SUMMARY OF BLISTER RUST CONTROL WORK, OXFORD COUNTY
JUNE, 1926

Number of Pine owners completed

work, 138
Acreage protected from Blister Rust, 3998
Cost to Pine owners, \$611.10
Cost to Town, \$610.00
Number of Towns working, 15
Wild Currant and Gooseberry Bushes destroyed, 235.12
Cultivated bushes destroyed, 179
Benzol is effective against screw worm infestation in live stock.

General Auto Repairing

Oxy-Acetylene Welding

Battery Repairing and Charging

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Seiberling --Tires and Tubes-- Portage

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